

Children to their parents now,  
Persistently refuse to bow.  
The striplings with conceit o'erflow,  
And after their own humours go.  
As once the husband, now the *wife*,  
Aspires to shine in public life.  
To such excesses do they run—  
Emancipation once begun—  
That dogs and horses, asses too,  
Run about with nought to do.

But what of our own loved home  
When all those blessings trooping come!  
Has it not a foremost place  
In the great industrial race?

First to feel the genial ray  
Of rising sun on that fair day, [ers  
New Brunswick's youth put forth their pow-  
Like hills refreshed with timely showers.  
Her borders on the mighty sea,  
Our *City* shall a merchant be  
To many isles whose products rare  
She has not yet begun to share.  
To her markets shall be sent  
Rich fabrics from the Orient;—  
Gold and silver from Japan,  
Diamonds bright from Hindostan;